TO MY SISTER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Ellie, there's a timid lustre
  Dreaming in thy soft, dark eyes,
Like a tender starlight trembling
  In the midnight's mystic skies;
And thy features are as faultless
  As if carved by Grecian art;
And men bow before thy beauty—
  But *I* love thee for thy heart.

There are thoughts of winged brightness
  Hiding in thy spirit's cells,
As young humming-birds of summer
  Hide among the lily-bells.
May no sudden autumn drive them
  Rudely from their fairy nests;
To fly on through chill and tempest,
  With worn wings and bleeding breasts.

Last night in the dreary darkness,
  When the haunted winds went by,
Feverish fires burned in my bosom,
  Till I thought that I must die;
And I felt that it was fearful
  To go out alone, alone—
Through the shadow and the silence,
  To the eternal and unknown.

Yet the dimness and the mystery
  Of the lands beyond the grave,
And the deep and thundering echoes
  Of each dark and chilling wave,
That seemed breaking near to sweep me
  Down in Death's unsounded sea,
Could not fright this heart, my sister,
  From the angel-thought of thee.

We have heard the fairy legends
  Of the twilight's dreamy time,
From the same sweet lip together
  Falling like a magic chime;
And we've left our home and wandered
  Through a waste of Upas dew,
Yet mid wind and blight and blackness,
  I have ever found thee true.

It were more than death to leave thee,
  Idol of an ardent heart;
And I often ask the angels,
  May we never, never part.
Yet the years must bring us changes,
  And wherever thou mayest go,
Ellie, may thy fate be brighter
  Than thy sister hopes to know.

FRIGHTENING A PIRATE.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Captain Ira Barnard used to sail from Portland in a brig called the "Ellen Maria." He had her built for his own use, and she was a neat, pretty craft, after the Baltimore fashion, with heavy fore-topsail and top-gallant-sail, and a goodly bit of canvass for a topsail upon the main. She was painted up to suit his own taste; and, take her all in all, she was one of the handsomest vessels that sailed. The crew consisted of the captain's oldest son—Ira, jr.—who was one-and-twenty, and acted as mate, and six others—all able men, and fit for hard duty.

Early in the spring, the Ellen Maria sailed for Havana with a load of shooks and hoop-poles. She had some other articles for traffic, but these composed the bulk of her cargo.

"Ira," said the skipper, addressing his son, "we must keep a sharp look-out, for I expect to meet old Sanders along here somewhere."

"I was thinking of that," replied Ira.

"He'll have papers for us," added the old man, as he turned towards the wheel.

"Old" Sanders, who was not a bit older than Ira Barnard, senior, commanded the brig Seguin, and was to have left Havana at about the same time on which the Ellen Maria left Portland, and thus Barnard hoped to fall in with him. Nor was he disappointed; for early one morning, when off the coast of Carolina, a sail was discovered to the southward, and in an hour afterwards it was made out to be the Seguin. When the two brigs were near enough, they both hove-to, and Capt. Barnard and his son lowered their boat, and went on board the other vessel. Papers were exchanged; Barnard told all the news from home, and Sanders told of all he had seen in Cuba.

"But," said the latter, with a serious look, "there's one thing I haven't told you. There's a pirate cruising about between here and Havana. She's a Brazilian craft, and manned by Spaniards and negroes. She's a dangerous customer to fall in with."

"A pirate!" cried Ira, in alarm. "Do they kill everybody they take?"

"They have butchered the crews of some small vessels."

"But have you seen this critter?" asked Capt. Barnard.

"No, thank God, I haven't," was the response. "But when I first saw you I began to tremble. Your brig has about as saucy a look as any craft that floats. Them painted ports and your rakish masts kind o' put an impudent air on ye."

"The Ellen Maria is a beauty, said Barnard, enthusiastically. "I named her after my wife, and she's a beauty, too. But," he added, more seriously, "how did you learn about this cussed pirate?"

"We heard of her first in Havana. She chased a French barque almost under the very guns of the Moro. And then I met an English brig yesterday, that had picked up four men who had been compelled to 'walk the plank' by the same villains. These men were part of the crew of a Spanish trader. The pirate captured their vessel, and, after killing six of their men, made these four walk overboard."

"Thunder!" exclaimed Ira.

"I say thunder!" echoed his father. "It'll be thunder if we fall in with that chap. But I guess I can run away from him."

"Perhaps so," returned Sanders. "Your brig is a fast one, but the pirate is fast, too. However, you may not meet him."

"But what does he look like?"

"A topsail schooner, long and heavy, with new sails, and masts raking more than yours do."

"We'd better not say anything to the men about this," remarked Barnard, as he and his son pulled back to their vessel.

Ira thought the same; so they kept the matter of the pirate a secret while they could.

During the day the wind was from the westward, though not very fresh, the brig making not more than an average of six knots. Just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, one of the men reported a sail to the eastward. Capt. Barnard got his glass, and ere long he was able to make out that the strange craft was a topsail schooner, with new canvass, and very rakish masts.

"It's the pirate, sure as fate!" he whispered to his son.

"Do you think so?" returned Ira, trembling.

"I'm confident of it."

"The Lord help us!"

"But it's close on to night," said the old man, "and we may run away from him."

"Run away from what?" asked Jack Phipps, who had overheard the last remark.

"From that schooner," the skipper replied. "I don't like the looks of her."

Phipps was very inquisitive, for he had noticed the old man and Ira whispering together, and he mistrusted something, and finally he succeeded in getting the whole story.

Just as the sun disappeared below its bed of waters, Barnard got a fair view of the schooner, and he had no doubt left upon his mind. She answered exactly to the description Sanders had given him of the pirate, and she had changed her course, too. When first seen, she had been close-hauled upon the larboard tack, standing to the north'rd and west'rd, but now she had gone about, and was standing up towards the brig.

The men were nervous; but as night closed in, and the schooner was shut out from view, they hoped to run away. Some of them proposed to down with the helm and run for the coast. But the skipper said, no. He would stand on his course, and run the risk. The pirate would be as likely to run for the coast as any way.

"By jimmeny," uttered Phipps, "if we had men enough, Bill and I could get our drum and fife a going, and frighten 'em."

"Yes—and if we had men enough, we could fight 'em," returned the captain.

This seemed reasonable, so all hands united in wishing that they had plenty of men, and plenty of arms and ammunition.

A strict watch was kept, and at midnight Bill Sawyer discovered the schooner upon the lee quarter. He was in the main-top, and could just make out a dark mass upon the starlit water. Capt. Barnard went aloft with his night-glass—a powerful one, by the way—and he could see the schooner's masts clearly defined.

"She's overhauling us," he said, as he stepped upon the deck; "and," he added, reluctantly, "we are sailing as fast as we can. We have no more canvass to spread."

The crew were terror-stricken. There was no back-door to glide through, and no woods to hide in. They might do their utmost, and yet the sails could move them only so fast. At two o'clock the pirate's topmasts were clearly defined against the sky; and in an hour more the heads of her fore and main sails were seen. Captain Barnard paced his quarter-deck very uneasily. His position was a hard one. Had he not known the pirate from the description he had received of her, the fact of her chasing him thus would have been sufficient.

"Half-past three—and in less than an hour it will be daylight!" groaned the captain, in agony. "The pirate is overhauling us fast. Look—you can almost see her bulwarks!"

The men looked, and it was even as Barnard had said. The whole of the schooner's canvass was visible against the sky, and she carried a cloud of it, too. Once more the captain took his glass and went aloft. Just as he had gained the crosstrees a lantern was brought upon the schooner's deck and carried forward. As the light gleamed out upon surrounding objects, Barnard could see that the deck was swarming with men, and that most of them were forward, gazing after his vessel. He saw the gleam of knives and pistol-barrels, and also the heavy forms of two or three brass guns.

"It's all up!" he said, as he came down. "Her deck is full of men, and they are all armed to the teeth."

"How could you see?" asked Ira.

"A lantern was carried across the deck while I was aloft, and I saw plainly. Oh—if we only had men enough!"

"Make 'em!" said Jack Phipps.

"Make 'em? I wish to the Lord I could."

"Make 'em out of shooks," pursued Phipps.

The captain gazed upon the speaker, but said nothing. He was thinking the matter over.

"Make your men, and then let me and Bill play the drum and fife."

Phipps and Bill Sawyer had formerly been musicians for a military company, and when they engaged with Capt. Barnard, they took their drum and fife with them, and when the mood was upon them, they used to play for their mates to dance.

The skipper soon comprehended the whole scheme, and ere long made arrangements for putting it in operation. It was very evident that the pirate would overhaul them in a few hours if they kept on thus, and unless some stratagem could be successfully carried ont they were doomed. It would be daylight in less than an hour, so it was necessary that they should work smartly.

The hatches were thrown off, and forty shooks passed up from the hold, and so arranged that the main sail would hide them from the pursuer while the brig stood on her present course. As soon as this was done the men ransacked their chests, and every conceivable article of clothing the brig could afford was brought forth. Some of the shooks were dressed in jackets, some in frocks, while others had to put up with old trowsers drawn down over them. Hats and caps were fashioned from strips of tarpaulin, and when this article failed recourse was had to bits of canvass.

When the wooden men were thus rigged out, they were arranged so as to make as much show as possible, and yet hide their true character. Some were set up against the lee bulwarks, some against the long-boat, and some propped up in the gangway by means of chocks and lashings. In fact, these innocent bundles of staves made quite a formidable appearance. Barnard was well aware that they could not stand the full light of day, but he meant to have them perform their duty in the dusky gray of early dawn.

The arrangements were all made just as the first streaks of the coming day were visible in the east. The schooner could be now plainly seen, and she was not more than a mile distant. The forms of many men could be dimly seen about her bows, and their motions seemed to indicate that they were eager for their prey.

The wind had hauled a little to the southward during the night, so that the brig was now very near upon a taut bowline, with her starboard tacks aboard.

"Ready about!" cried Barnard, as the eastern sky grew red.

"Aye, aye," responded Ira, who had the helm.

"Helm's a-lee!" continued the captain.

The tacks and sheets were raised high enough to clear the wooden men, and in a very few moments the brig was upon the larbord tack, with the pirate not over half a mile distant, the main sail still hiding the grotesquely attired shooks.

At length the vessels were near enough to answer the purpose, and Phipps brought forth his drum, while Sawyer attended with his fife. A long, heavy roll was rattled out, the sharp, shrill notes of the fife mingling with it, and while the startling sound went piercing through the air, they struck up the reveille, and played it in right good earnest.

Thus far the brig had been standing obliquely across the schooner's fore-foot, but as the reveille was sounded, her helm was put up, and as she fell off the mainsail was clewed up, thus revealing the wooden men.

It was very soon evident that the pirates were alarmed. The sound of the drum and fife had startled them, for surely no vessel save a man-of-war would have such accompaniments. But when they saw the crowd of seeming men, who appeared to have just come up at the sound of the call, they fancied that they had come very near catching a Tartar.

"Hi-yi!" cried Ira, clapping his hands, "they are off! These staves have scared 'em!"

And so it proved, for no sooner had the pirates heard the last of the music, and seen the *staving* crew of the brig, than they put their vessel before the wind and spread her sails "wing-and-wing." The brig at once gave chase, and kept it up for over four hours; but at the end of that time the pirate was far out of the way, and Capt. Barnard concluded to give it up.

"It's no use," he said. "We might as well put about on our course, and send our spare men below."

"Aint it best to play the *retreat?*" asked Phipps.

"Yes. Play the retreat," returned Barnard, "and then we'll let these poor soldiers turn in."

So the drummer and fifer once more awoke the air with their startling notes, and when they had finished the shooks were undressed, the hatches removed, and the disrobed auxiliaries sent below.

The Ellen Maria reached Havana in safety, and Capt. Barnard grew fat in telling how he had frightened and *staved* off the pirate.

WAITING.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

I sit by the window and try to read,
But my thoughts to the volume I give no heed;
They are out, like birds, in the shady grove,
Watching and waiting for him I love.
My breast keeps swelling with lonely sighs,
My heart looks out from my tear-filled eyes.
Through the livelong day and the evening dim,
I have listened, and waited, and watched for him;
And my heart seems bursting with longings vain,
And my head is throbbing with heavy pain;
And yet if I tell him how hard to bear
These lengthening seasons of absence are,
I know he will chide me, and call me weak—
Ah me! *it is easy reproof to speak;*
But *can he restore to my aching heart,*
The *hope and the peace that he bade depart?*

"LOVE BEGETS LOVE."

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Sometimes it does; not *always*. Ah, no! The experience of many an unlucky lover may be briefly comprehended in this one saying: "The more I loved her, the more she wouldn't love me." And it's a world-known fact that there is no better reason desired for a man to be forever unwilling and unable to love a woman than that "she is too willing."

Many a girl has felt quite a partiality for the company of a youth until he gave her reason to believe that his thoughts were of something more than friendship, and *then* she has felt an involuntary repugnance towards him spring up in her heart. It seems a most perverse and cruel working of nature that such things should be; but they *are so;* and 'tis vain to deny it. Even among children the same thing is seen. Katy loves Susan dearly, and is never so happy as when in her company; but Susan would do anything short of breaking her neck to keep out of Katy's way. Willie admires and loves Fred, and can't refrain from following him about; but Fred is fretted almost to desperation by "the everlasting tagging of that wall-eyed Will."

The "congeniality" is too often *all on one side.* Alas for the longing heart, whether of child or adult, whose Mecca and Mahomet are still receding. Here is the family favorite—the idol of the entire household. Love flows for her like water; yet there is not a heart in all the family one half so cold as hers. Here is the public hero—the almost adored leader or orator—he is the chief treasure of hundreds—perhaps thousands of his fellow-creatures. They love him so much that they would almost make of their prostrate bodies a causeway over which he might walk to victory, or to some great happiness; but there is not one quickened heart-beat in his breast for them. He cares nothing for any of them. He looks upon them kindly, benevolently, as a whole; but as units they are no more to him than so many passing shadows on a wall. His interests and affections are spread out like gold leaf—he loves "the race" so much that he cares not a straw for any *man.* Hearts without number lie throbbing out their costliest offerings at his feet; those feet pass heedlessly among them and go on—not a single answering emotion swelling the heart they bear.

Does love beget love?

TERRIBLE AND ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A Paris paper has the following story: A commercial traveler, whom business frequently called from Orleans to Paris—M. Edmund D———, was accustomed to go to a hotel, with the landlord of which he was acquainted. He arrived a few weeks ago at the hotel, where he was in the habit of staying. One evening after supper he invited the people of the hotel to go to his chamber to take coffee, and he promised to tell them a tale full of dramatic incident. On entering the room, his guests saw on a bed, near which he seated himself, a pair of pistols. "My story," said he, "has a sad *denouement*, and I require the pistols to make it clearly understood." As he had always been accustomed, in telling his tales, to indulge in expressive pantomime, and to take up anything which lay handy calculated to add to the effect, no surprise was felt at his having prepared pistols. He began by narrating the loves of a young girl and a young man. They had both, he said, promised, under the most solemn oaths, inviolable fidelity. The young man, whose profession obliged him to travel, once made a long absence. While he was away he received a legacy, and on his return hastened to place it at her feet. But on presenting himself before her he learned that, in compliance with the wishes of her family, she had just married a wealthy merchant. The young man thereupon took a terrible resolution. "He purchased a pair of pistols like these," he continued, taking one in each hand; "then he assembled his friends in his chamber, and after some conversation placed one under his chin in this way, as I do, saying, in a joke, that it would be a pleasure to blow out his brains; and at the same moment he pulled the trigger." Here he discharged the pistol, and his head was shattered to pieces. The unfortunate man told his own story.

FEMALE PURITY.—All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

"MEET HIM WITH A SMILE."

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Harp away there, ye precious advisers of women in general, and wives in particular, we are all attentive to your dulcet lays; or, to drop the figure, *of course*, we shall attend to all your good advice, and profit thereby.

We *might* set up a plea that 'tis hard work to look delighted, and to act as if we were "tickled to death" when every thing all over the house has gone wrong all day; when the children have all been sick and cross; the "help" out of sorts, and dangerous to be spoken to; our own head, and limbs, and teeth, all aching; and the week's mending all undone. We *might* say that it is extremely difficult to get up, even the shadow of a smile, when—and half of us mothers feel so half of our time—we are so unutterably weary that our eyes feel as if sinking backward into our skull, and our whole mortal frame and immortal disposition appear to us to have "caved in." We *might* do this; but then, would it be *becoming* to endeavor to show cause why we should not be expected to be, at all times, sunshiny and angelic? Hadn't we better swallow our reason, and submit to the prescription of the everlasting grin?

Yes—certainly; for the end of our existence is to secure the love of man; and man don't, and wont, and can't love a woman that don't look sweet and happy. How can he? It isn't natural.

So let the case be what it may, when our husband's returning time draws near, let's get the smiles under way—so that he may read upon our lips a flat denial of the tale told by the premature lines upon our brow, the hollows in our cheeks, and our sunken eye.

Isn't it enough that he should be so unfortunate as to find that the fair and blooming girl, whose fresh beauty he expected would, for many care-free years, rejoice his eyes, has become the pale and faded woman? Can it be supposed that he will, also, brook the quenching of her smiles? Don't let us tax man's patience too far; for, truth to tell, it snaps often like twine in the blaze of a candle. Hark! what was that low murmur? What did you say, sister?

"When our strength, our beauty, and our joyous spirits have all failed because of *him*, wherefore should he not weep with us, instead of demanding of us eternal silence as to our grief, and a perpetual smile? Why should he not love and cherish us all the more tenderly for what we have suffered, and must suffer still, as well as for our gayety and smiles?"

Absurd, my sister! How can you dream of such a thing? What does a man know or care about feminine distresses? Never mention them to him, if you would not tire him of your company. Whatever the troubles of the household, of your mind, of your body, don't you go to "complaining" before your lord and master. Cover all these things in your own heart, and, above all things, never forget to "meet him with a smile" when he comes home. Clap on that "indispensable" the instant you hear his step; let it be as handy as a cape-bonnet, so that he may never catch you unawares; and then, when you can no longer endure, alone and unpitied, the burden which grows year by year heavier and sorer, just give your husband one more smile, and lie down and die, and he will weep over you, and say—

"She was a sweet, smiling vision, but she has passed; where shall I find another like her?" and a few months will, *probably*, answer that question to his *apparent* satisfaction.

"Meet him with a smile."

THE BRAVE MAN.

There is nothing which a truly brave and persevering man may not accomplish. Heat and cold, mountains and seas, and sunshine, are alike to him, when he is bent upon his object. He pushes ahead—never tiring or fainting—until his proud design is achieved. Whether it be riches or honor, he permits no obstacle to impede his purpose. The histories of all distinguished men, from Alexander to Napoleon, show that it was perseverance that made them distinguished above their fellow-men. And you, young man, if determined in your course, whatever end you have in view, shall be respected and honored. Never permit your energies to slumber, but be ever active in whatever field you choose to labor. To lag—to stop—to doubt—to hang your head in fear, will prove disastrous to your best interests.

"To move in doubt and fear
  And tremble at the shade of even—
What is it but a tomb to rear
  And stealing to it, turn from Heaven?"

The reason why so many turn out miserable tools—without ambition, life, or even wealth—is their lack of courage and their fear of the world. What has an honest man, or a man of virtue and integrity, to fear? All are but shadows that look dark, and forbidding before you—and these vanish before the light of truth and generous ambition. Let nothing stay your progress when you are in the right path—nothing but the strong arm of death—then you will accomplish your bright expectations, while—

"Shadows fly,
  And hope gleams beauteous from afar—
A sea of glory fills the sky,
  And wisdom beams in every star."

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such a hallowed ground the foot of profanity dares not approach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears its scoffings. And here woman displays not her weakness but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which can never, in its full intensity, be realized. It is perennial, dependent upon no climate, no changes—out alike in storm and sunshine—it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him; and, as the last parting knell falls on his ear, he may say: "I go down to the grave of my son mourning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tear is wiped from his eye, and if, when he turns from his fireside, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, until at length it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth or hears its plaintive cries, she seeks it in the morning, and goes to the grave to weep there.

NUMBERS engage their lives and labors, some to heap together a little dirt that shall bury them in the end; others to gain an honor, that at best can be celebrated but by an inconsiderable part of the world, and is envied and calumniated by more than t is truly given.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eye-brows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of the teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric, and grease. In nearly all islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and keeping the wounds open a long time form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular mutilation is made among them by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattens the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which, in childhood, are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in finger-nails so long that casings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. In the north-west cost of America an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guiana the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the points resting on the chin.

DANGER OF PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

There can be no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intellectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. By these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflammation of the hemispherical ganglion, or the living membrane of the ventricles, with serous effusion, has usually been the cause of either a fatal issue, or of subsequent mental imbecility. A late distinguished physician related to us an interesting case of this kind. An extremely intelligent boy, of about twelve years of age, was brought to him for phrenological examination, (the doctor being skilled in that science,) by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. The physician gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was—"All that other boys considered labor and hard study were merely child's play to him; that his studies could not be hurting to him, he employed them so much." Again the doctor endeavored to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time the father again called on the doctor, and in reply to his inquiries about the child, his father burst into tears—his child was an idiot.

NEVER DO IT.

Never ask the age of an unmarried lady when she is past five-and-twenty.

Never expose your poverty to a rich relation, if you would have him treat you as a cousin.

Never let it come to the ears of a rich and childless relative that you secretly pray for his sudden and premature dissolution.

Never speak of the gallows to a man whose father or grandfather has been hanged; nor of the corruption of office-holders to a Government defaulter.

Never speak of the "time that tried men's souls" to one of Tory ancestry; nor of the battle of New Orleans to one who thinks the army of England invincible.

Never attempt to quiz a man in company who might retort by kicking you down stairs.

Never let your friend know, when you drop in to take a friendly dinner with him, that your landlady "blocked the game" on you, because you had not paid over your last week's board.

Never impose secresy upon a man to whom you communicate anything in confidence; he is sure to tell it to some friend, if you do.

BUSINESS COURTESY.

Nothing more certainly marks the gentleman than the observance of a uniform courtesy and kindness in the business of life. Such a bearing toward all men should be cultivated till it grows to be a habit. Sure, kind words are as abundant, and cost no more than harsh ones. Many a man has robbed himself of success by an austere and haughty manner. Such an address chills those whom interest attracts, and impairs a confidence that might become almost fond. There is nothing like a quiet, gentle, and polite manner in business. Petulance and passion grow worse by indulgence, and unfit their professor for pleasant intercourse with his fellows. But every gentleman has a right to demand and receive courteous treatment at the hands of those with whom he may deal. He is worse than a boor who purposely and coolly refuses to extend it.

BUSINESS.

The experience of all demonstrates that a regular systematic business is essential to the health, happiness, contentment, and usefulness of man. Without it he is uneasy, unsettled, miserable, and wretched. His desires have no fixed aim, his ambition no high and noble ends. He is the sport of visionary dreams and idle fancies—a looker-on where all are busy, a drone in the hive of industry, a moper in the field of industry and labor. If such were the lot of the feeble and helpless only, it were less to be deplored, but it is sadly otherwise.

LIVE UPRIGHTLY.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind through the track of time; a vast desert lies open in retrospect; through this desert your fathers have journeyed; wearied with tears and sorrows they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little farther, where you will find eternal rest.